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Judge

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THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Judge

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THE NEW YORK PERSPECTIVE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN complained that nothing hampered or discouraged him more than the unfriendliness of New Yorkers of his own party. Where he had expected cordiality and encouragement he found only coldness. Clear-headed men of his own political beliefs somehow lost national perspective on this provincial little island. Again and again the public of New York City has evidenced this same failing—a befogged horizon. Just at present men apparently sane are gravely repeating the silliest possible Rooseveltiphobian rumors and receiving childlike credence up and down New York's business streets. Do not misunderstand us. JUDGE is not measuring Roosevelt by any Lincoln scale. We are merely citing another case in point. It is a pity that every male New Yorker of voting age cannot every once in so often spend six months in solitary meditation on a ranch, where the air is clear.

* * *

PUSSY CATS.

THE common or household pussy, *felis domestica*, the domestic cat of commerce, is so familiar a creature that we pay it little attention, thereby neglecting a study at once edifying and profitable. It is a coldly calculating creature, fastening upon a situation and refusing to be supplanted. Though you urge it to leave your home, still it stays, apparently unoffended, and rubs against your trouser-leg, and begs your cream. Throw it overboard, and there is an axiom that the cat comes back. Hunger is a pussy cat's only real conviction. Call to it and notice how it fails to face the issue squarely. It sidles against the door-jamb, tacks across your bow to the table; goes under two or three chairs, and approaches you on the port or starboard quarter. This steering of many courses breeds distrust in our bosoms, but is of advantage to the cat, in so far as it makes her hard to catch and pin down. We do not love a pussy cat, though we admire many of its qualities; above all, its vitality. One, or even two, drownings will not kill it. It is a gloomy reflection for any family or community possessing such a household pet, and desiring to be rid of it, that nine defeats, we should say drownings, are probably necessary before complete destruction is accomplished.

* * *

WINTER.

OLD winter he has come at last, with pelting snow and icy blast, compelling us to blow our nose and put on thicker underclothes. We'd just as lieve he'd come as not; he's waited long enough, God wot. We're not surprised that he is here—it is his habit, once a year. Yet every year the poets and the writer-folk on every hand cry out, with great astonishment, "Why, can it be that fall has went?"

G. A. R. MAN—"NOT FOR ME, WITH THAT NAME!"

The grave and weighty daily press announces with a solemn stress, in columns on their front-most page, that "Winter has began to rage!" And so, although we may be late, the best traditions bid us state in heavy type, with loud acclaim,

A-HA! THE WINTER TIME HAS CAME.

* * *

ENDS OF JUSTICE.

A JUDGE in Toledo has solemnly sentenced himself to jail for one day, in order, as he says, to see what life his prisoners lead. It is a confusing subject for speculation. If the judge took himself seriously, he has violated his oath by sentencing a man whom he knew to be innocent. If he did not take himself seriously, he is guilty of contempt, and owes the State a fine. If he levies this fine and then pays it himself, he defeats the ends of justice by nullifying a righteous punishment. He's a wicked judge, any way you look at it.

* * *

THE officials of the Long Island Railroad have had posted in the women's cabins of their East River ferry-boats large signs which read: "Men will not occupy seats in this cabin to the exclusion of women." If the statement is in the nature of a prophecy it is a notable failure. If it is meant for an appeal it is not clear enough. Nothing would be clear enough. Moreover, the framed sign is too large and unwieldy to be readily removed from the wall and used as a club.

* * *

THE twelfth commandment: Be cheerful.

ANOTHER UNSUCCESSFUL TRICK.

NOT ALWAYS WELCOME.

ROOSTER (*to proverbial stork*)—"I'd like to ask you to the house, but I'm afraid the missus would be greatly upset."

PERFECTLY SOBER.

THERE was a young man from Toronto
Who said, "Rackle duvi de stanto.
I haven't a jag,"
Added he with a brag,
"I am learning to speak Esperanto."

QUITE TRUE.

Briggs—"What do you really consider is the worst thing Roosevelt is responsible for?"

Griggs—"All this talk about him."

IMMEDIATE RESULTS.

Mrs. Hinnesy—"Jamie, phwat's thot noise?"

James—"'Tis little Paddy Mulligan pokin' a shtick into th' ribs o' Casey's goat."

Mrs. Hinnesy—"Ah, he's shtopped now."

James—"No, mother; he's goin' yet. I think he won't shtop till he shtrikes th' house."

QUITE RIGHT.

Mr. Foodjaddist—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are."

Mr. Heartyboy—"Well, to-day at dinner, for instance, I ate three plates of soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, beans, peas, bread and butter, apple pie, cheese, cake, bananas, figs, nuts and raisins. What am I?"

Mr. Foodjaddist—"A hog!"

A CAUTIOUS CHILD.

Boy (*on bridge*)—"Ain't yer goin' ter school this mornin'?"
"Naw! Maw 's afraid I'd git pnoomonia."

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

Mr. McQuire (to hospital attendant)—"Phwat did ye say the doctor's name was?"

Attendant—"Dr. Kilpatrick."

Mr. McQuire—"Thot settles it. No doctor wid thot cognomen will git a chance to operate on me—not if I know it."

Attendant—"Why not?"

Mr. McQuire—"Well, ye see, my name is Patrick."

ITS NAME BELIED IT.

FARMER CORNSTALK—"Wy-al, I swan! I've bin watchin' thet newfangled contraption fer half an hour an' blamed if the pesky thing hes moved yit!"

A TUBULAR TOOT.

"THREE minutes from the Bowling Green
To Brooklyn Borough Hall,"
We hear beneath the trembling earth
The business boomer bawl
As thousands quit the bridge's crush
To try the subterranean rush.

Three minutes now is all that lies
Between the culture and the rube,
And we accept it gladly, though
We have to take it through a tube.
Not ours to kick against the means
That holds the velvet to the jeans.

Hail happy tubes, beneath the wet,
Through which we go with speed,
You link Manhattan to its own
As long we've felt the need;
And as we swing through you we say
In loud, stentorian tones: "Hooray!"

Tube he, or not tube he, for years
Was all we heard, but now
The question's answered and we place
Upon your sunken brow
The laurel wreath, the victor's crown
That unites two parts of town.

Hail tubes subaqueous; welcome, hail!
You've settled all the doubt
And left us little down your way
To kick and swear about.
Three minutes now, instead of 'steen,
'Twixt Borough Hall and Bowling Green.

W. J. LAMPTON.

FORCE OF HABIT.

CRACKSMAN CHIMMIE (*who has just broken through*)—"Chee! I muster t'ought dat dis pond wuz a safe."

Knicker—"What makes a successful politician?"

Bocker—"The ability to tell a bandwagon from a hearse."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

CONNIE EDISS IN "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER."

Your gentle grace, your pretty face,
Each is a patent fact.
Aside from these you're sure to please,
So skillfully you act.

MODESTY.

A LADY lived within our town,
So I have heard it said,
Who, if you called her dress a gown,
Would blush like poppies red.

Her mind was neither frail nor weak,
Her modesty was rare;
Of autumn trees she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.

When night its sable shadows threw,
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtains didn't hide from view
The man up in the moon.

A plumber caused her death one day—
Or so the story goes—
By asking, in a careless way,
To let him see her hose.

CAMPBELL L. CORY.

CARRIED TOO BIG A ONE.

Benham—"The load of a full-grown elephant is two tons."

Mrs. Benham—"I wish, when you go out nights, that you would take a smaller elephant for your model."

GOOD PROOF.

"You weren't yourself, uncle, when you came home last night."

"Oh, I must have been. Your aunt wouldn't have let another man in."

JUST SO.

GETTING things on credit is like getting them for nothing; and when it comes to paying the bill, it is just like throwing the money away!

NEWS ITEM.

THE mustard in the hamlet of Spiici is indeed strong. A man made a plaster of it, put it on his back and that night it drew his diamond stud into his body. Up to the time of going to press the doctors are still probing for it.

BESPOKE.

"SHE seems like a very reserved girl."

"Yes—I wonder who for?"

ALREADY IN FORCE.

She—"There ought to be a heavy penalty imposed upon every married man with half a dozen children."

He—"There is. He has to support them."

"SUCCESSFUL."

First doctor—"Was the operation successful?"

Second doctor—"Splendid! We located the trouble just where I said we would, but we had to cut nearly through the man to find it."

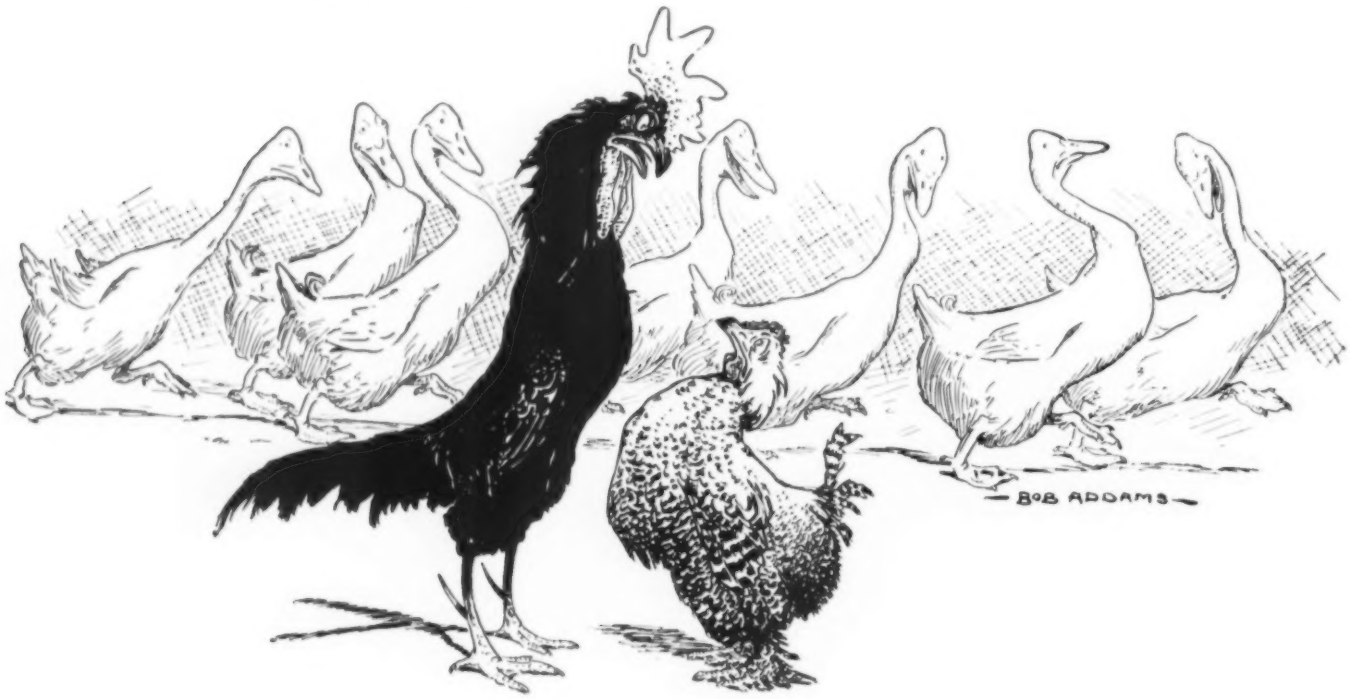
First doctor—"Will he get well?"

Second doctor—"The patient? Bless you, no! He died directly after we began."

WORKED BOTH WAYS.

"THE country is starving for $10,000 men," shouted the high-browed lecturer.

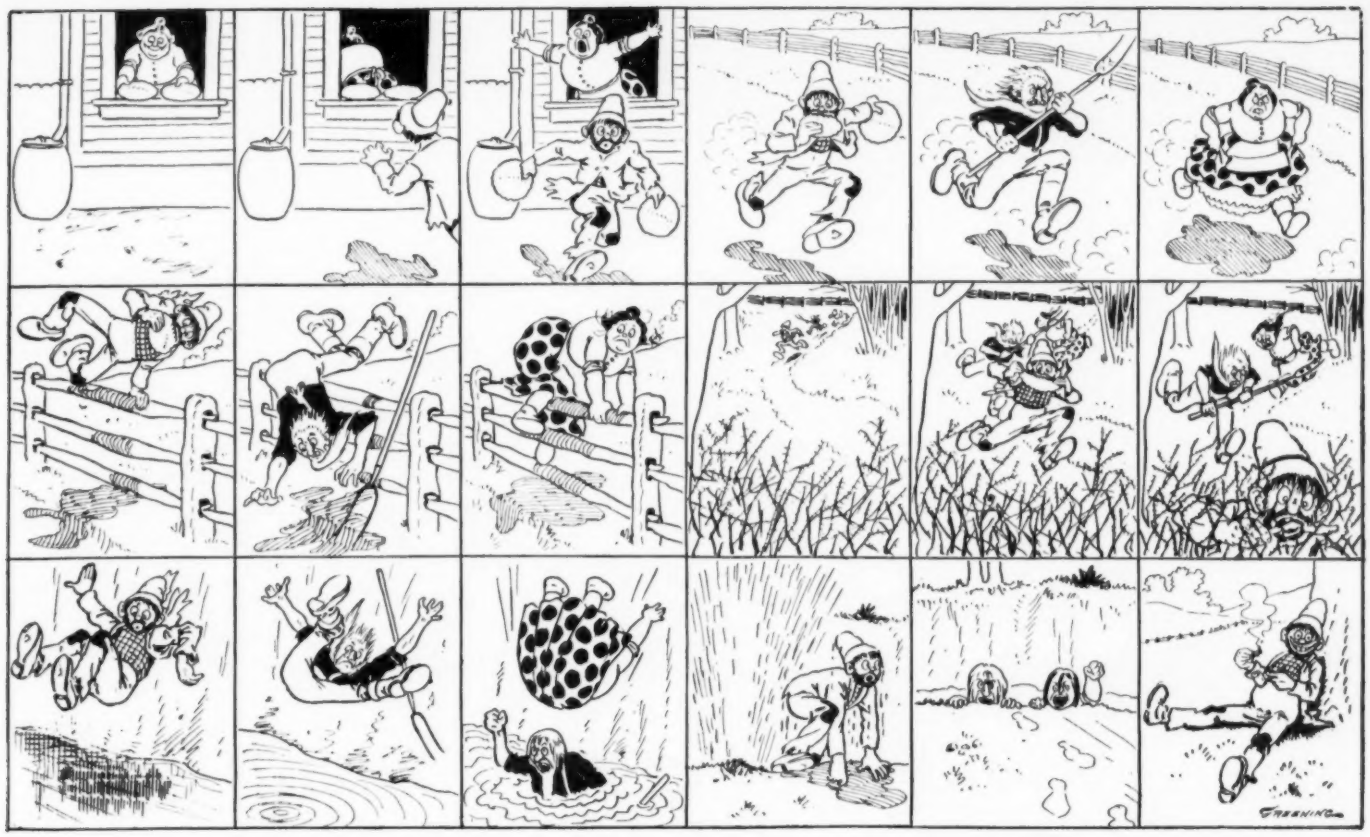
"And a lot of $13 men are starving for their country," echoed a United States soldier in our island possessions as he inspected his rations.



SECOND SIGHT.

"And what do you believe is our condition after death?"

"Well, I know that we pass through a number of stages, such as fricassee, croquettes and soup, before we are finally given to the cat."



JUDGE'S MOVING-PICTURE MACHINE—THE PIE-OUS TRAMP'S TRIUMPH.

Directions for using our moving pictures. Run the eyes rapidly along each row from left to right. If you do not find the pictures moving it must be because you are not easily moved.

REACHING A DECISION.

A COMMERCIAL traveler tells an amusing experience which happened to him in the interior of Pennsylvania. The traveler landed in a village and sought the only hotel in the place—a small building not much larger than the average dwelling. He stepped on the porch, but hearing voices raised in anger, he paused at the door. Apparently there was a quarrel in progress, and as the excitement showed no indication of diminishing, the traveler knocked loudly on the door.

"Hello!" he cried. "Who's the proprietor of this place?"

"Jest ye stay whar ye are," came in feminine tones from the house. "Ezra an' me is decidin' thet p'int now."

SHORT NOTES FROM A "NATURE FAKER'S" DIARY.

AN OSTRICH in Inz tried to conceal its head in a sand-hole, but it had hardly squeezed its cranium into the aperture when the sand-hole bit the ostrich's head off.

A kangaroo in Zuzu has been trained to go from door to door and deliver mail which it carried in its pouch. They are now teaching it to blow a whistle and "spoon" with the servants.

An agriculturist in Noab tried to grow whiffle-trees, bo-vines and Anheuser-Busches.

The mice of Ratchez will not eat a piece of cheese unless it is accompanied by a wedge of pie.

A deaf mute had his hands chopped off in a sausage machine. When the butcher laid the sausages on the plate they commenced to move about and shape themselves in the deaf and dumb language as if talking to each other.

There is a rhinoceros in Buj with skin so thick that the perspiration of July doesn't ooze out until December.

There is a man living in Tunik with four arms and two pairs of hands. On rainy days he plays poker with himself for money.

AN EDUCATIONAL EPIDEMIC.
MOTHER—"Where do you feel sick?"
SON—"On my way to school."

AMONG THE SUFFRAGISTS.

A MAN in Colorado being defended and prosecuted by female attorneys interrupted an exciting tangle with the exclamation, "I confess, I confess!"

"Confess what?" inquired the judge.

"Oh, damned if I know! But I confess!"

PARTIAL COMPENSATION.

"WELL, Brown, I see that your son has got his shingle out at last. I suppose he gets much enjoyment out of his practice."

Brown (grimly)—"I hope so; that's all he does get out of it."

REMINISCENT.
BINKS (*on his first trip*)—"It wasn't such a bad old world after all."

TO ST. VALENTINE.

A NOTE OF THANKS.

FROM that far land where journeys end,
Where dwell our great unnumbered ranks,
We lovers all unite to send
To you, this day, our note of thanks.
For tender hearts and smiling eyes,
And that which bids us read them true,
For soft spring days and moonlit skies—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

Our thanks to you for that deft art,
For which you ask no greater pay
Than turning some sad, hopeless heart
To one in which but joy can stay.
For all the magic you command,
To make the ardent lover view
Meek maidenhood as beauty grand—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

For roses and the month of June,
To turn our truant fancies free,
For summer and the harvest moon
That lights the way to Arcady;
For winter days that, fresh and clear,
Give paler cheeks a rosy hue;
For all the seasons of the year—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

For sympathy that understands
The way to lighten all our cares,
For tender glance and slender hands,
And thoughts of old-time love affairs;
For all the wiles a lover owns,
For hearts to tell our troubles to,
And unobserving chaperons—
St. Valentine, our thanks to you.

ENVOY.

From every heart, no matter where,
[illegible] the happy, old and new,
The brave, the doubting, faint and fair—
St. Valentine, their thanks to you.

REYNALE SMITH PICKERING.

THE OVERSTOCK IN THE MATCH BUSINESS.

PATER FAM—"I haven't been able to dispose of this part of my family in the home market. Now, couldn't you tell me what the foreign market would stand in this line?"

A LONG-FELT WANT.

HUCKSTER—"Here yeh are, gents! Git wise—git wise! Sofer-pillers, includin' a strap, any color, fer on'y fifty cents! Yeh can't learn ter skate comfortable widout one!"

WHY HE WOKE UP.

"I was asleep when I fell overboard."
"You look wide enough awake now. Ha! ha! ha!"
"Yes. I fell in the wake."

MORE WORK FOR INVENTORS.

WITH wireless telegraphy to stimulate the mind,
We ought to set to work at once, nor rest until we find
A lot of undiscovered things to amplify our joy
And do away with many cares that bother and annoy.

A trackless railway route would save a mountain of expense,
A boatless line of steamboats, too, would surely prove immense;
And let some mind evolve for us a go-less kind of go
So we can travel round the world, yet stay at home, you know.

And since it costs so much to live we scarce can save a cent,
A foodless dinner is the thing some genius should invent;
And, after that, if we would have existence truly cheap,
Some grand philanthropist should make a bed-less kind of sleep.

To-day the trouble is that things are as they have to be,
Whereas we'd rather have them as we'd rather have them. See?
(These verses seem so tangled that the author here explains
It's all because they're fashioned from a brainless kind of brains.)

HARRISON S. FIELD.

LENT BUT TO BE LOST.

SHE said 'twas wrong to talk of love in Lent,
Or even let him put his arms about her;
But if at Easter he was thuswise bent,
Why, he with vows and arms could quite surround her.

But forty days of waiting taxed his soul.
At Easter, when to speak to him she tarried,
He had forgotten, quite, the lover's role—
In fact, he told her plainly, he was married.

LURANA W. SHELDON

THERE WOULD.

Little son—"Papa, has the devil a tail?"

Father—"Yes."

Little son—"Gee! wouldn't there be an awful rumpus if some one tied a tin can to it and let 'im go?"

NOT TO HIS TASTE.

Proud mother (to admiring visitor)—"Yes; we think that little Harry has prettier hair than any of the other children."

Five-year-old Bobby (contemptuously)—"Umph! they showed me that color and I wouldn't take it."

A READY RECKONER.

STRANGER—"What do you charge for a shave here?"
BARBER—"Ten cents a foot."

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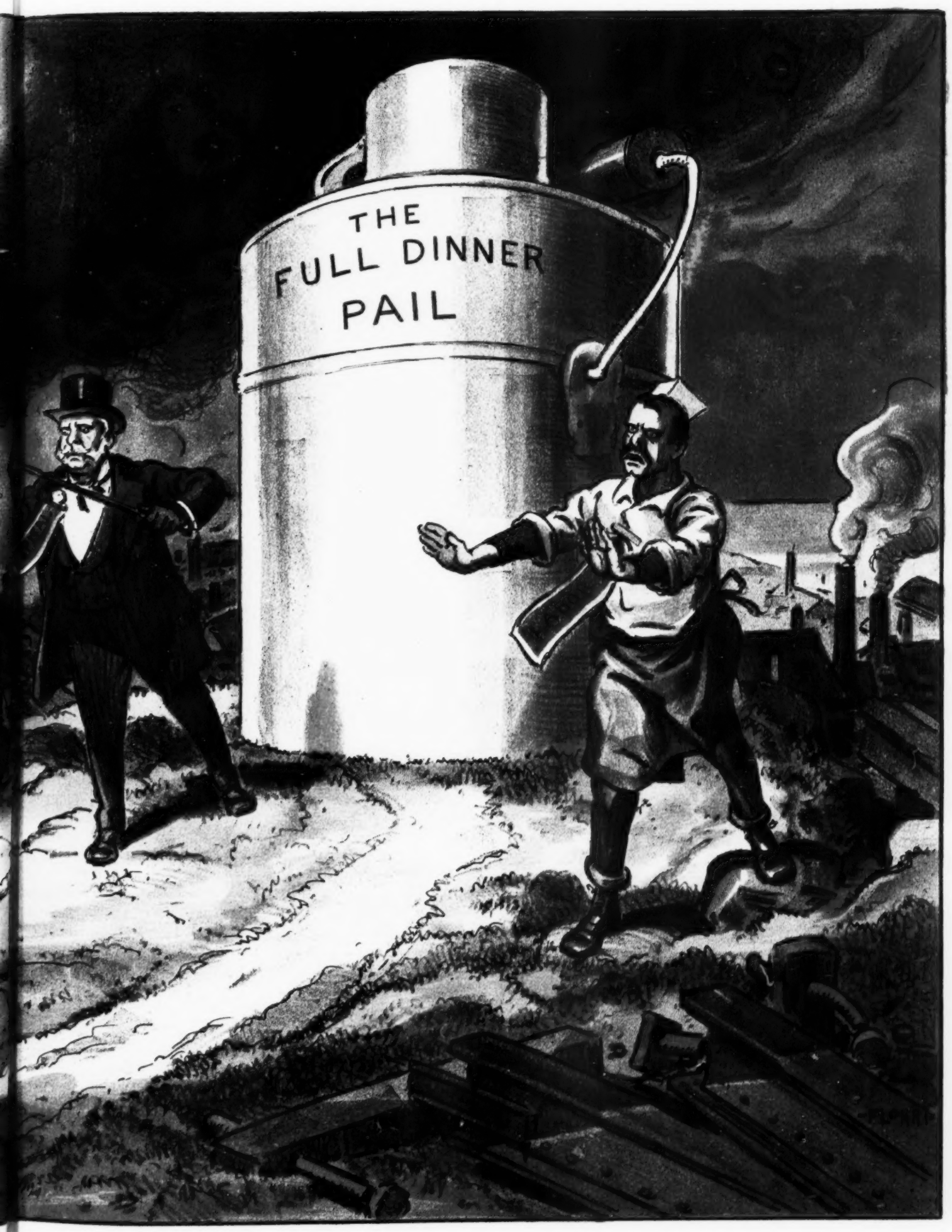
POST BILL



BILLS!

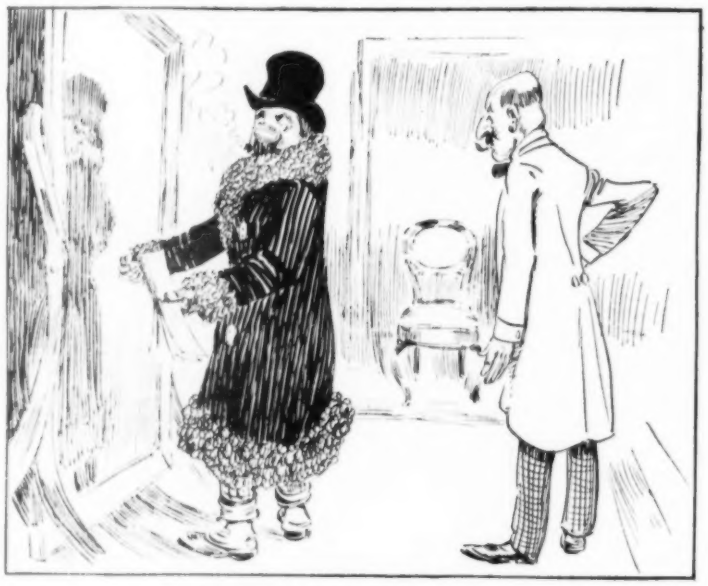
1. NERVY NAT—"Well, here's a go. Some person evidently thinks there is no more money in the world, and has thrown away his check-book; mayhap he lost it. However, Nat, here is a golden opportunity. Hard times! tight money!—just watch me."

2. NERVY NAT—"I'll have two dozen shirts and twenty-four ties. I'll write you a check"——

SALESMAN—"But"——

NERVY NAT—"But nothing—what do you take me for, a goat? Just send those to No. 23 Skidoo Avenue, Mr. Fullerdough, sil vous plait."

3. NERVY NAT—"That's the brand. Rothschild's perfecto one dollar straight. I'll take one or two for immediate use, and you may send five thousand to No. Humpty-two Beatit Street."



4. SALESMAN—"I hope monsieur ces satisfied, cet ces ze grand feet."

NERVY NAT—"It's all to the popcorn, Aleck. How many French poodles did you say it took to trim it? Just put me next to your fountain pen and I'll write you a check."

5. NERVY NAT—"That's the one, son. That big, red, sassy-looking, ninety-candle-power, biz getter for coroners. I'll make things hum in that."

6. NERVY NAT—"Oh, yes; I remember now how it happened. A cigar, a lighted match, some tanks of gasoline, and a fresh-water idiot named Nervy Nat. I guess my career of luxury is cut short, although I'm flying pretty high at present. Soon as I find my check-book, I'll write out a check for this."

NO. 36.—NERVY NAT ALMOST SPENDS A MILLION.

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HIGH LIFE BEER

MILWAUKEE

NO INDEED.

Phoebe—"You would hardly know Freddy since he got back from Monte Carlo. He lost all his money there, and"——

Evelyn—"Hardly know him! Why, I sha'n't know him at all."—*Illustrated Bits.*

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

NOT THE ALTERNATIVE.

"The Chinese pay all their debts on the first day of each year," remarked the man who thinks it his duty to scatter wisdom.

"I have heard so," replied the careless person. "But I'd rather be in debt all my life than be a Chinaman."—*Washington Star.*

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

DOUBTLESS CORRECT.

Teacher—"Jimmie, correct this sentence. 'Our teacher am in sight.'"

Jimmie—"Our teacher am a sight."—*Exchange.*

A MODERN DEVELOPMENT.

"Your child undoubtedly has chicken pox," says the attending physician.

"And why does she have continual chills with it? Is not that unusual?" asks the parent.

"Well—ah—no doubt it is a new manifestation of our changing conditions. I might diagnose the case as cold-storage chicken pox."—*Success.*

A STIR AT BIG BEND.

Beesum Baxter committed suicide Tuesday night by calling Tom Jackson a liar without provocation or a gun. We shall publish his biography next week with pleasure and a half-tone cut of the deceased. Some of our delinquents say they won't pay because they can't draw cash from the banks. Of course they can't draw out anything they didn't put in, but they'll pay just the same by Jan. 1 or there will be some strange mugs in heaven.—*Big Bend Cor. Riverton (Wyo.) Republican.*

THE SUM OF THE DISCOUNTS.

"Mark Twain is the most interesting character in American literature to-day and has made more money out of it than any other author," said A. S. Swanson, representative of one of the great publishing houses. "He lives just around the corner from our place, and so we see him often. He is never so happy as when telling a story, and is often seen doing so in a group of congenial spirits. He was telling me that recently he went into the sales department of our house, and being attracted by a particular book asked the price.

"'Four dollars,' said the clerk.

"'Well, now,' said Mr. Clemens, 'I am a newspaper writer. Don't I get a discount for that?'

"'Certainly,' replied the obliging clerk.

"'I am also a magazine writer. Do I get something off for that?'

"'Yes,' said the clerk, 'you get a discount for that.'

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has the largest sale in the world. It smokes cool to the end without waste, and does not blow out of the bowl. For over fifty years the name "PATTERSON" on tobacco has been a guarantee of high quality.

Pocket Size, Tin Box, 10c.

You Will find it Everywhere

Buy a Box Today

"'I am also an author. Don't I come in on the author's discount?'

"'Yes, sir, you get the author's discount.'

"'In addition,' said Mr. Clemens, 'I am a stockholder in this house. Does that entitle me to something off?'

"'Yes, sir,' the clerk returned.

"'Now,' continued Mr. Clemens, 'I would like to state that I am Samuel Clemens. Does that fact entitle me to another rake-off?'

"'It does,' said the clerk after a moment's hesitation.

"'That's good,' replied the author; 'now how much do I owe you?'

"'We owe you 80 cents,' said the clerk."—*Washington Post.*

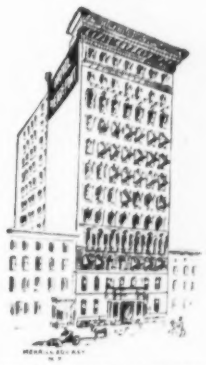
HAVEN'T GOT A SHOW.

If everybody should begin at once telling everything he knows, the rest of the world would be in dead silence in a few months, listening to the President and the Kaiser talk.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE HOTEL **PIERREPONT**

West 32d St. and Broadway, NEW YORK

FIREPROOF



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HARRY L. BROWN

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Each capsule bears the name MIDY
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COOK REMEDY CO.,
1480-55 State St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

A DIFFERENT STANDARD

Scotch keeper—"That's a verra fine car you have got."

Chauffeur—"Oh, it ain't a bad car."

Scotch keeper—"She wad be a verra powerfu' car whatever?"

Chauffeur—"Oh, no, I wouldn't say that."

Scotch keeper—"I wass not judgin' by the size. I wass judgin' by the smell!"—*Punch.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

BETTER NOT TRY IT.

A peasant insured his house against fire. When he got the policy he asked the clerk:

"What should I get if my house were burned down to-morrow?"

"Three or four years' imprisonment," was the prompt answer.—*Tit-Bits.*

TIME AND MOTION.

A traveler, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby. "D'ye think I'm goin' to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours? Gitap!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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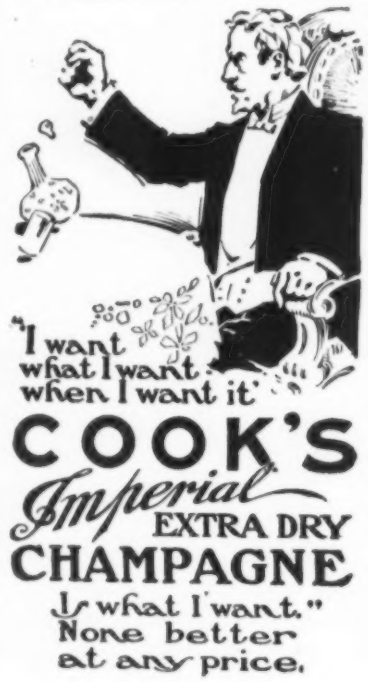
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

NOT GOING TO RISK IT.

"What?" asks the maiden aunt. "Going to marry that Mr. Newwun? Why, you hardly know the man, Imogene. In the few days you have been acquainted with him you cannot possibly have learned anything of his family or antecedents or habits or personal circumstances."

"That is true, Aunt Keturah. But you have always told me that no woman who knows anything about a man will marry him."—*Success.*



A HOPELESS CASE.

"A great big, able-bodied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money," said the well-to-do citizen.

"I know I ought," answered Meandering Mike. "But, mister, I'm jes' naturally too kind-hearted to tap 'im on de head and take it away from 'im."—*Sketch.*

IF NAMES COUNT.

"What is the place for bridal couples to go in Europe as they go to Niagara here?"

"I don't know, but it ought to be the Hartz Mountains."—*Baltimore American.*

BUT WHAT SEX IS ECHO?

Hicks—"Say, I've found a spot out in the Newtons where my wife can't possibly have the last word."

Wicks—"Where is it?"

Hicks—"Under Echo bridge."—*Boston Transcript.*

CAPTURED.

Her arms were soft and round,
He said,
And that is why he lost
His head.

He really can't be blamed
A speck—
Her arms were soft, and round
His neck. —*Princeton Tiger.*

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Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility, and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

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"No," said the bishop of Oklahoma, a wise and broad man who had seen much and suffered much. "I make it a rule to perform marriage ceremonies free. I have no desire to profit by other people's mistakes."—*Brooklyn Life.*

By James Montgomery Flagg.

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RULE WORKED BOTH WAYS.

Deacon (meeting a boy on Sunday morning carrying a string of fish)—"Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you?"

Johnny—"Y-e-s, sir. You see, that's what they've got for chasing worms on Sunday!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time: you know cold and cough breed consumption, and that means death. 25c.

PRACTICALLY.

Little girl—"Mamma, what is a 'dead letter'?"

Mamma—"One that has been given to your father to post."—*Illustrated Bits.*

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

The millionaire—"Henri, fetch a car at once!"

The chauffeur—"Which one, sir?"

The millionaire (astounded)—"You don't mean to say, Henri, you have more than one out of the repair shop?"—*Ex.*

Muriel—"When you eloped with George did you leave a note telling your people where you had gone?"

Gabrielle—"Why, of course. If I hadn't, how would papa know where to send us any money?"—*Illustrated Bits.*

With men of affairs, Abbott's Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. Recommended by physicians. All druggists.

EEN NAPOLI.

Here een Noo Yorka, where am I
Seence I am landa las' July,
All gray an' ogly ees da sky,
An' cold as eet can be.
But steell so long I maka mon',
So long ees worka to be done,
I can forgat how shines da sun
Een Napoli.

But O! w'en pass da boy dat sal
Da violets, an' I can smal
How sweet dey are, I no can tal
How seeck my heart ees be.
I no can work, how mooch I try,
But only seet an' wondra why
I could not justa leeve an' die
Een Napoli.

—*T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.*

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THE SPEAKER'S KENTUCKY BREAKFAST.

Not to be outdone by the President, whose recent b'ar dinner at the White House is a fine campaign play," said an Illinois member of Congress yesterday, "'Uncle Joe' is to give a Kentucky breakfast to a number of his intimates. I asked him what a Kentucky breakfast consisted of, and he said:

"'A bottle of whiskey, a bulldog and a beefsteak.'

"'What is the bulldog for, "Uncle Joe"?' I asked.

"'Why, he has to eat the steak,' he replied."—*Binghamton Republican.*

THE CAMEL'S FEAT.

"Do you imagine it possible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be surprised. You know how large my wife is?"

"Yes."

"Well, she goes through my pockets regularly."—*Houston Post.*

Prospective buyer—"Heavens! It must be a terrible experience to run over a human being!"

Auto demonstrator (smilingly)—"Not with this make of car, my boy; it's equipped with the best shock-absorber on the market."—*Brooklyn Life.*

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It was just after the opening of the polls for the election of mayor in a New Jersey town that two Irishmen met and began discussing the chances of two candidates for aldermen.

"It will be a close race between McGlory and Adolph Mink," said the first Irishman, to which the other rejoined:

"How is it, Clancy, that in so many votes it should be nip and tuck between McGlory and the Dutchman Mink?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," responded the first Irishman; "it's like this: They're both of 'em very onpopular min, McGlory and Mink. If ye knew wan ye'd be certain to vote for the other, and both of them are blamed well known!"—*Sunday Tribune.*

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

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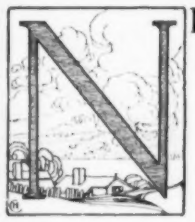
Judge's Limerick Contests



NEXT WEEK will be published the results of the Taft Limerick Contest. The work of sorting the answers is now being done. In the meantime we take pleasure in publishing a poem received in the Taft contest, which accurately outlines the genial Secretary's ancestry.

THE original Taft the ocean o'er
Sailed from the Caledonian shore
In a rather indeterminate year—
We only know that the cavalier
Was a thing to him most pleasantly seen
With a large-sized ocean thrown between;
For he was a Puritan, ultra blue,
And wasted no love on Charles the II.

Some time when the latter was holding down
His portable throne, and before his crown
Had begun to blister his royal brow,
Our progenitor came—we know not how.
This original Taft, plain Robert by name,
Turned up smiling, unknown to fame.
In sixteen hundred and seventy-eight
In Braintree town in the Old Bay State;
(Book seventeen, page two-seven-six
Of Suffolk records this fact doth fix;)
Then settled in Mendon in '79
And looked for jobs in the carpenter line.

Now Rob was a highly prolific cuss—
Or rather his wife, e. g.—see us.
Scattered the whole broad nation o'er,
E'en known on the antipodean shore
When Cousin Bill, on his flying trips
(For he often goes down to the sea in ships),
Hobnobs with royalty, overseas,
And busts the pants on his buxom knees (?)
Of sons had the wife of Robert five,
All of them very much alive,
And *they* had sons and sons galore
Followed, like sands on the ocean's shore,
And thus I figure our pedigree
From two of the five on our family tree.

Down from the next to the youngest, Joe,
Came Aaron, two Peters, then Alphonso,
Who left Vermont at an early date
Out to Ohio to emigrate;
And he made good in various ways,
Besides setting Foraker in a daze,
Mixed with political fever and chill,
By being the father of Cousin Bill!

Thomas was Robert's oldest son,
Eleazer, Aaron, Aaron they run;
Elijah, Russell, and then, by G!
Another Russell, and that is *me!*
(Of course the grammar is out of joint,
But the rhyme is the really important point.)

Now, JUDGE, I thus, as I ought to do,
Explain the relationship to you.
For your kind invite I at once obeyed
And send you a limerick, postage paid,
Explaining why Bill is *my* candidate
For pilot of this, our ship of state;
And I ask as a favor that you'll tell Bill
That he of them all has *my* good will,
And if I poke fun at his girth and size
It is only because I expect the prize,
For the limerick is a "bird" I know,
(The clerk of our city court told me so).

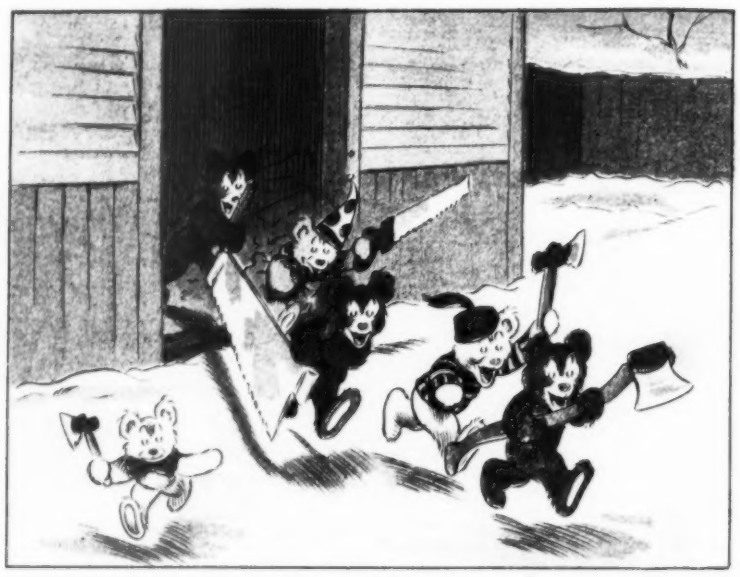
Would you kindly do this much for me?
Yours very truly, R. W. T.

Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

IN FOLLOWING THE NATION'S CHIEF THE TEDDY BEARS ALL COME TO GRIEF.

1. 'Tis George's birthday now, and John
Tells all the Bears of Washington,
And how he chopped the cherry down,
And by confession won renown.

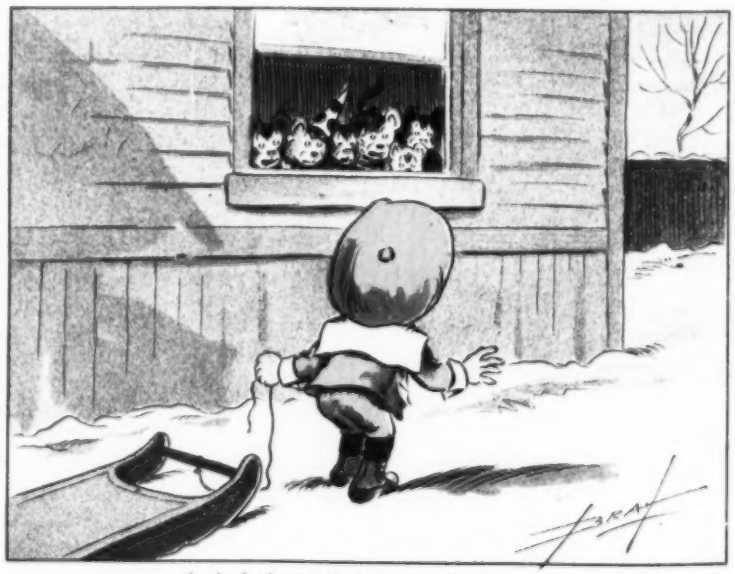


2. The Teds absorb the lesson taught
And are enchanted with the thought;
They leap about and clap their paws
And rush at once for ax and saws.

3. The orchard now is sought by all
And soon the trees begin to fall.
Plum, apple, cherry trees in rows
Drop 'neath enthusiastic blows.

4. The fun and noise was at its height
When Johnny's father hove in sight.
The Bears at once in chorus cry
"I did it, father, it was I!"

5. Alack! that fathers should have changed;
Alack! the plan so well arranged.
John's dad thinks only of his tree
And lays the Teds across his knee.



6. And afterwards in angry gloom
He locks them safely in a room—
From whence reproachfully each Ted
Views Johnny playing with his sled.

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